

Old School Rocka

Shaka Ponk

I am a better man.
But I've been really bad.
Are you a betta man? Well I am.
You've got a stereo, a boosta video
You cannot understand. Well I can.

No song for guanoz, a song for the Men
Goddam', you're too young to understand.
I'm the big papa teaching straight to your brain.
The old schoold Rocka remains the same.

We play on stringa wood a single colored blues.
But you don't give a damn' yo my friend
We kick the tambourine without a compu-plugin-in.
You're not a supa fan, well I AM.
This is mystirious, this is the beat of the boss.
(I don't know what I'm talking about, yo my friend)

I know te gusta la chica, y nada mas boy.
No puedes follar la guapa sin papa. musica.

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Once again I've got a beat on my brain lika bang bang poisoning
my head.
Lika need a pen to describe the pain but it ain't the same.